

To go with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:

Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face,
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuff as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me,
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not heuse with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vscio iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bebinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother, cast me not away:
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalts* lies.

Mo. Talk not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Jul. O God, I haue forgot to tell you,
O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith reuiue againe to earth,
Vlesse that Husband send it from heauen?
By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saidst thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
Romeo a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not forgonee, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, bestrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else bestrow them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me maruelous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.
Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Countellor,
Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Prier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Enter Prier and Countie *Paris*.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short,
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haist.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately the weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counsils it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom, haists our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haist?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter *Juliet*.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text, is't not so, *Juliet*?

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The

Jul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
Jul. That is no flander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me peniue daughter now,
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee.

Will then adue, and keepe this holy Kisse. Exit *Paris*.

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits:
I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Prier that thou hearest of this,
Vlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede.

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long expetien't time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thinglike death to chide away this shame,
That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it:

And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the euish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappels sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: we'nday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Vioill being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour

Shall keepe his native pro

No warmth, no breath sha

The Roses in thy lips and

To many ashes, the eyes v

Like death when he shut v

Each part depriv'd of sup

Shall stiffe and starke, and

And in this borrowed like

Thou shalt continue two

And then awake, as from

Now when the Bridegroom

To rowle thee from thy b

Then as the manner of ou

In thy best Robes vncou

Be borne to buriall in thy

Thou shalt be borne to th

Where all the kindred of

In the meane time against

Shall *Romeo* by my Letter

And hither shall he come

Shall *Romeo* beare thee he

And this shall free thee fr

If no inconstant toy nor v

Abate thy valour in the a

Jul. Giue me, giue me,

Fri. Hold get you go

In this resolute, Ile send a

To *Mantua* with my Letter

Jul. Loue giue me str

And strength shall helpe

Farewell deare fathér.

Enter Father *Capulet*
Serving

Cap. So many guests

Sirrah, go hire me twenty

Ser. You shall haue n

licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis a

owne fingers: therefore

goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we

time: what is my Daugh

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may ch

A peeuish selfe-wild harl

Nur. See where she

With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my h

Where haue you bin gad

Jul. Where I haue lea

Of disobedient oppositi

To you and your behests,

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall

To beg your pardon: par

Henceforward I am euen

Cap. Send for the bo

Ile haue this knot knit v

Jul. I met the youthfu

And gaue him what beco

Not stepping ore the bo

Cap. Why I am glad